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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Aug. 29, 1937



Our Caveman Ancestors

*Dramatic Paintings of the
Life of Prehistoric Man
by Charles R. Knight
Distinguished Artist-Scientist*

KILLED BY A WOOLLY RHINOCEROS

IN THIS picture Mr. Knight has painted an exciting scene of a prehistoric hunter being tossed and killed by a woolly rhinoceros, a tragedy that was highly possible in those stirring times. The wintry scene is somewhere in Eastern Europe upwards of 10,000 years ago. The man is of the Neanderthal type, barbarous and possessing only sticks and stones for weapons. He must have run terrible risks when he hunted this monster, which was about the size of the present two-horned white rhinoceros of Africa. Its bones have been found in various parts of Europe, from France to Czechoslovakia. The prehistoric animal's heavy woolly coat was the chief difference between it and the modern rhinoceros. It was no doubt highly valued by prehistoric man on account of its warm coat and its meat.

Newest Gadgets (and Laughs) By Ingenious Inventors



An 11-Year-Old Girl Developed This Double-Action Fly Swatter, But Before It Works You Must Induce the Fly to Get Abroad.

A MOUSETRAP that electrifies its victims, a peepless keyhole and air-conditioned shoes are among the crop of new inventions recently exhibited at the National Inventors' Congress in Chicago. Some of the gadgets are useful time and money-saving devices and reflect the fertile imaginations of their creators. Not stylish, perhaps, but comfortable are the pair of air-conditioned shoes which consist of two small bellows, attached to a rubber piping, rigged up to the sole of each shoe. With every step a breeze is wafted up the legs, back, armpits and even up to the neck. But this invention is not as goody as it seems. For Dr. Clarence Mills, in a recent issue of "The Military Surgeon," predicts that air-cooled soldiers will be a necessity in any future war if their fighting ability is to be kept up to par. If air-conditioning will make the most war any more comfortable, inventors might turn their talents to fashioning a bullet-proof uniform or, even better, an effective gas mask.

This Is One of a Pair of Water Shoes Which Are Supposed to Make It Possible for You to Walk on the Surface. It's Worth Trying.

ling down while he walked in two years time he perfected a pair of wooden eggs fitted on a pole and topped by a seat. The legs move like bicycle wheels, and the only trick is keeping one's balance. From this perch it might be difficult to sweat mosquitoes and other annoying insects. So another inventor has thoughtfully fashioned a pair of leg-protecting stockings. These are made of transparent, meshed cloth, allowing the sunshine to enter, if desired. They can be worn with stockings or without, and can be removed easily and quickly. They are guaranteed to ward off pesterous bugs.

One's have not been overlooked, for one of the most useful inventions of the year is the "cow-tail-holder" which keeps the bovine appendage from swinging during milking operation.

If You're a Bicyclist and Want to Go as Fast as You'd Like, You Might Follow the Lines of This Invention and Add Airplane Motor Power to It. This Periman, for instance, is a step forward in milking efficiency. It is estimated that every year 1,800 people suffer injury to their sight due to the switching of cows' tails in their eyes.

On Hot Days, by Wearing This Mask, Face Water, You Can Keep Your Face Cool. But It Won't Help Your Appearance Much.

Technically, this is a step forward in milking efficiency. It is estimated that every year 1,800 people suffer injury to their sight due to the switching of cows' tails in their eyes.



In Mosquito or Fly-Infested Regions, These Net Coverings to Put Over the Stockings Will Safeguard the Wearer Against Insect Bites. It's a New 1937 Idea.

Other inventors for poultry include a guard for roosters' spurs to keep them from injuring hens during mating. A harness to keep hens from setting, and an "anti-flying" wing attachment to keep them out of other people's gardens. One of the most interesting inventions is a patented nest for hens to lay their eggs in. As soon as an egg is laid a stamping machine takes it with the hen's comb.

The Milk Taster's Job Like a Detective's

MAKING sure that the public gets pure food and drink has been one of the principal jobs of health experts in the past few years. Laws have been passed which heavily fine anyone selling diseased or impure meat and so government officials are clamping down on farmers and milk companies that sell milk that has not been passed as to quality, content and purity.

One of the most difficult jobs of testing is handled in the State laboratories by milk "tasters." Since human taste is more accurate than chemical tests, men are named in this highly specialized research and in their hands lie the health and even the lives of the milk-drinking public.

The last because its richness dilutes the sense of taste somewhat. After a short time, too much cream becomes swarming.

"Oh, Grandma, What Big Eyes and Ears They Have"

THE functions of the human body, and especially of the senses of sight, hearing, taste and touch, have been major problems for medical science to ponder over for centuries. Only after years of painstaking study and research were doctors able to get a clear idea of just what goes on in the human system. In the past most of the experiments have been done on living or dead subjects. It was somewhat very difficult to find people who would be willing subjects for such experiments. It was only about a century ago that medical students were forced to rob graves in order to have human bodies to study.

In Vienna, members of the Austrian Society of Physicians have hit on the idea of using huge models of parts of the human body for students to study. The models are made of porcelain or clay, with adjustable parts so that the pupil of the model eye, for instance, can be removed and the inside mechanism examined. The model ear stands five feet high and is made of plaster. A small child could fit comfortably inside the fabricated ear.

Other models recently shown at the annual Vienna Hygiene Exhibit clearly reveal how a person breathes, perspires, eats and walks.

"Well," the Pup, Who Lives on a Farm Outside of Paris, Seems to Be Saying, "who would have imagined meeting you here?" The Photograph Shows What Was Really the Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship Which Has Given the Farmer Two Pups Instead of One. The Two Pups Now Eat All Their Meals Together.

Riches Looms for Bulgarian Herders

EVER since the Armistice was signed, the men who make war their business have realized that the next world conflagration will be fought largely with poison gas. Chemists have spent years trying to perfect gases which will eat through every known type of mask to the flesh and through it, too. But while all this grim experimenting was going on, inventors have been trying to make gas masks which will effectively resist the most penetrating of the deadly vapor.

In the course of these researches someone has discovered that the skins of Bulgarian lambs are tough enough to resist most of the known poison gases. Masks made of lead and other metals have been found to be fairly poor, but they are too heavy to wear for long periods.

Wine tasters and tea tasters never swallow the samples, neither do the milk tasters. This would weaken their sense of taste. Of course, they do not depend entirely upon it, for there are chemicals which also show what is wrong with the milk. A drop of liquid chemical will show if there are disease germs present in milk, but no chemicals have been found that will place milk samples into types or otherwise distinguish them.

There is no training for milk tasters other than the actual experience. According to Fleming, novices have to be taught what to look for. As soon as their sense of taste becomes acute in relation to milk, their findings seldom differ from those of the more experienced men. A newcomer at the station is taught by the trained taster to sample the same milk at the same time he does after which the newcomer is told what is wrong with each sample.

The tasters have to keep in practice and have their own herd of cows to furnish them with experimental material. After tasting samples from cows, not their own, they can then use their findings to test on their cows. In this way they can determine the best feeds for cows and milks.

In one section of the Vienna Museum, Devoted to Hygiene, Have Been Placed These Giant Reproductions of the Human Eye and Ear, to Facilitate Study by Young Pupils of the Public Schools. Their Size Can Be Compared by Comparison with the Human Figures.

"Doubting Thomas" Warner's Rocky Road of Romance

All His Troubles Started When He Became Too Careful With Cupid and Tested His Sweetheart's Affection With a Dictagraph--and Wound Up With a Half-Million-Dollar Suit Against His Interfering Papa

Just at the Moment When Young Mr. Warner Was Almost Delirious with Joy After Testing His Sweetheart's Love, the Cool Detectives Unceremoniously Yanked Him Back to Papa.

"DOUBTING THOMAS"

W. WARNER, Jr., son of the wealthy retired speedometer manufacturer of Los Angeles, took his father's advice and with scientific thoroughness investigated the heart of the woman he loved before he committed himself as her future husband. He found out all that was good for him to know, but Papa Warner has nearly \$600,000 worth of damage suits fastened on him as the final result of his son's attempt to be careful in love.

Though everyone has heard that love is a lottery and marriage a gamble, parents keep on urging their children to play safe and make it a sure-thing winning bet before they go to the altar. Most youths and even older men in love pay no attention to this advice from their elders and bitters as the "singing generation" refers to them over their cocktails. But Thomas Jr. is one son in a million because he actually did it.

As a matter of fact it is almost impossible for the average young man to find out in advance whether a girl is marrying entirely for love or because she doesn't like her home or job or because she is tired of being an old maid. If he asks her intimate girl friends, the only persons likely to know the truth, they will tell her instead—and then he is in hot water.

But Tommy, who at twenty-two years old had disregarded this advice once, leaving before he looked into matrimony with Virginia Inset, Warner who divorced his last year for air-

plane and automobile cruelty, two new varieties in the annals of divorce.

Also the court condemned him to pay \$250 a month alimony for the first year of his first marriage for the rest of his days.

Now he felt the same old symptoms that had led him into that trouble brewed again by Mrs. Jean MacDonald, a lovely blonde near-divorcee, aged twenty-five.

She had an angelic disposition, but so had his ex-wife before marriage. They were 100% compatible, but this had happened before. She was sweet, considerate, understood him perfectly, never tired to massage him, and was good-natured when he called to have breakfast, even in the early morning when she had just gotten up. But he remembered that so exactly had he thought Virginia until the minister said those fatal words:

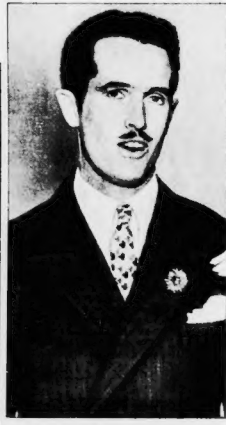
"Tommy had the further disadvantage that he was a scion of wealth, due to inherit many millions. This put him in the class that can never tell till too late whether the light in a lady's eye is the pure gold of love for himself alone or the thought of how she is going to share him of the golden fleece of alimony. His father had amassed his fortune by always being right when he manufactured automobile accessories. Who shouldn't his heir be the same in the important business of choosing a wife? The son decided this time to do right by his father and himself, but how was it to be managed?"

He had an idea of how Mr. Warner Sr. would tackle such a problem. He would employ the best detectives to camp on the young woman's trail until they could give him the "low-down" on her character. The elder Mr. Warner would have attended to all that with his usual efficiency, had the youth suggested it, but this did not seem quite right for more than one reason.

The very fact that he admitted the possibility of doubt would prejudice the father against his beloved, he may have thought, and if the sleuths should turn in an unfavorable report, he would want nobody to know of his grief and humiliation. No, he must manage the thing all by himself. He could not fear the thought of course made detective spying on the woman he loved, only a woman must know her intimate secrets. So he laid his troubles before Mrs. Pearl Antibus. Private In-



Thomas Warner, Sr., Who Is Being Sued by the Lady Detective for \$510,000 Because He Ordered the Raid on Her Home.



"Doubting Thomas" Warner, Before the Raid in Which He Became a "Love Slave."



Mrs. Pearl Antibus, Employed as a Fingerprinting Expert and Who Alleges That She Lame But Second Best in a Free-for-All Fight Which Prompted Her Suit Against the Millionaire.

vestigator, to whom many Hollywood stars run when they crave divorce evidence.

The lady sleuth received her cautious client with sympathy and approval. It was a new and commendable idea. If all people thinking about matrimony would employ a good, reliable detective to find out all about their loved one's behavior and habits before, then or after taking, it would save a lot of work for the divorce courts and be the greatest thing that ever happened to the "gumshoe" business. However, this line of detection would have to be on some-what unusual lines.

When a husband suspects his wife, the detective knows just what to do. They shadow the wife until things look ripe for a raid, but a fiancé has no legal right to raid his fiancée, especially in this case, where the lady will not get her final decree of divorce from Mr. MacDonald until next September.

Also ladies who are not yet quite divorced and expect to marry multimillionaire's sons, usually watch their step pretty carefully. This case called for more subtle treatment.

It would be possible for a lady operative to worm her way into Mrs. MacDonald's confidence and ask her if she loved Tommy for himself alone or mostly for his money. But would she tell her the truth? Lady operatives are most effective against men and it usually takes a handsome, gentleman sleuth to pry the truth out of a woman, but young Mr. Warner would not fear of sending a crooner to vamps secrets from the woman he loved. However, resourceful Mrs. Antibus knew the answer, science in the form of the dictagraph.

By means which have not been revealed, she placed one or more in Jean's little apartment and rented another where the listening apparatus, including a phonograph recording device, were installed. Thomas Jr. could

not play the hypocritical role of courting a woman at the same time he was spying on her, so he contrived a temporary coyness, keeping away from her while he not in the other apartment listening.

It was not long before the dictagraph brought him exactly the words he wanted to hear. An old girl friend was calling on the disconsolate Jean who soon opened up on the subject nearest her heart. In the course of the conversation he heard her say:

"I don't care anything for Tommy's filthy money. I love him for what he is."

With a whoop of joy the young man threw the car phone down and rushed around for a glass reunion. President Mrs. Antibus called a warning after him not to let Jean suspect that he had ever doubted her for an instant or he would never be forgiven. But like me-

in love, the world over he could not resist confessing everything and the dictagraph detective heard it through the dictagraph. For once his fiancée was clear in his mind, for Jean forgot him and instead of having Mrs. Antibus Jean and the dictagraph detective became fast friends.

"All well that ends well," but Tommy now realized that it had not ended yet. He must tell his father, who would approve of his son's caution, but as the young man is said to have remarked mournfully:

"Father believes in check and double check and when he hears about this he is going to say: Fine, and now I will verify what you have said. Then he will hire all the detectives on the coast to make sure there isn't any mistake about it."

Because he liked the young couple so much, Mrs. Antibus only charged Tommy a nominal fee of \$5,000 for the dictagraph hanging, and while they were worrying about how to break the good news in such a way that Mr. Warner Sr. would not test its goodness, she let the free-lovers worry and hold hands in her spacious house on Ventura Ave.

This was a sad mistake because Papa Warner is not the kind of man a son can hide out on with impunity. After he had failed to come home a couple of nights to the Warner mansion on South Orange Grove Ave., known as "Millionaire's Row," the rich man feared kidnapping and soon the streets of Pasadena and vicinity were full of detectives, softly padding around. His airplane had not been out of its hangar nor his speed boat from

its moorings, but it was discovered that Tommy's huge foreign car in which he had driven too fast to suit Virginia had been transferred to Mrs. Pearl Antibus, the eminent detective.

His, a clue. It was one shroud against youth, with Mrs. Antibus being shadowed and a horrid man detective behind every tree near her house. Finally one of these watchers saw Tommy's car at an upper window with such a careworn, anxious look as a kidnaper's victim might wear. It was only a glimpse and then they saw a hand reach out and pull him away. How could the detective know that he was worrying about what to tell his father and that it was not the brutal hand of a kidnaper, but the gentle hand of love that drew him out at night?

With this and other information and belief Mr. Warner informed District Attorney Barton Kitta that his son was being held against his will and asked that he have rescued. The following night twelve husky investigators pulled once from the District Attorney's office and led by Mr. Warner, surrounded the Antibus residence. A knock on the door brought that lady who was informed that her callers had come for Tommy. At first she is said to have denied he was there but, learning that they had no search warrant, she admitted it and asked: "So what?"

"So we are coming in and get him in the name of the law," replied the investigator, Tom Givett.

"The law can't come in without a search warrant," said Mrs. Antibus, addressing her remarks to the whole crowd and a punch on the nose to Givett, so he charges. But weight of numbers prevailed and, according to the account of the investigators, they gently but firmly pushed her aside and went upstairs where they located Tommy behind a locked bathroom door. When another part of the house, Jean, a vision in shirt, shorts and slippers, looked on round-eyed.

Mr. Warner persuaded his son to come out of the bathroom peacefully and got him half way down stairs in that same state of mind when Mrs. Antibus is alleged to have shouted:

"Fight! They are kidnapping you!" Tommy showed his great confidence in the lady detective by obeying, punching two investigators, they charged, and biting one finger before they had him under control. As the party was moving the captive out to his father's car, Mrs. Antibus, lying on the floor began counting in a loud voice, her hand rising and falling with each count.

"What is she doing counting here and out?" asked one of the investigators. The count, however, went to twelve, because she was counting investigators. Also she was down, but not out, because in a few days she brought suit against Mr. Warner and twelve John Does for mental and physical damages alleged to have been done to her in that evening call to the extent of \$510,000. Some people would be a total loss for less than that, but Mrs. Antibus is a valuable person.

Mrs. Antibus, who in her experience as a detective has faced many difficult situations, found when she got around in filing her damage suit that the free-for-all in her apartment was perhaps the worst in her career. The bruising blows which she alleges she received did not hurt her, she says, that the burning epithets which she claims were directed at her, such terms as "you old battler," and "tough little" were some of the things she claims were heaped upon her by the struders. These epithets were cited in her amended complaint in which she listed in detail all the rough things that happened during the raid by the District Attorney's heavy men. Mrs. Antibus says in the amended complaint that the full dozen of the men rushed into her room, sufficing at her demand for a search warrant, pointed guns at her and threatened to shoot, kill or maim her. They also forbade her to make great violence," she charges, "kicked, beat, slapped, struck and otherwise assaulted the plaintiff upon the face, hands, arms, body and limbs."

Mrs. Margaret Kline, newspaper columnist, says in charge of Mrs. Antibus grandchild brought a suit against the elder Mr. Warner for \$75,000 in her alleged damages, even though the same but for some reason she did not claim to be a valuable Warner. She had her father all and papa was so pleased and satisfied with his son's carelessness that he wasn't going to have any investigators of his own, in fact he was slightly weary of investigators.

It is understood that the couple now has the paternal blessing. Though it would not be quite etiquette to announce it until Jean is no longer married to Mr. MacDonald. Everybody is happy except the two young ladies and it will take exactly \$555,000 to make them feel that way. Who wouldn't feel happy for \$555,000?

How Mrs. Kangaroo Takes Care of Her Long-Tailed Baby

NATURALISTS still have a lot to learn about the kangaroo despite the fact that they have studied the long-legged animal in the grassy plains of Australia and in many a zoo here and there about the world. They do know, however, that a mother kangaroo has plenty of maternal instinct and that she takes care of her offspring as well as a doting human mother.

The photographs on this page show something of the home-life of a kangaroo mother and youngster. They were not made in the animals' habitat, in the so-called "Land Down Under" but in a zoo near Amsterdam, Holland, where they are about the most popular animals in the establishment.

Visitors to the zoo didn't get a look at the long-tailed newcomer

until it was several months old because the creature was so small and dependent on its mother and because the female in her natural desire to protect her baby, was short-tempered with anyone who attempted to approach too closely. Even the keepers seldom ventured into the enclosure during the first month after the youngster's appearance.

At birth Mrs. Kangaroo's offspring was a weak and naked creature, not much more than an inch long. It was not a pleasant thing to look at and spent all of its time in the mother's pouch. In this position it seems to be a kangaroo

custom, however, to have the newly born member of the family, far all its miniature size and lack of strength, crawl up into the pouch by itself.

In the case of the youngster seen in the photographs the trip from the ground to the top of the sac, required about half an hour, with the little fellow crawling slowly and with great effort through the mother's fur.

Once inside the pouch the tiny "blessed event" fastened its mouth on a nipple and began to nurse. For weeks (the record was several months before the youngster grew a coat of mouse-colored fur and

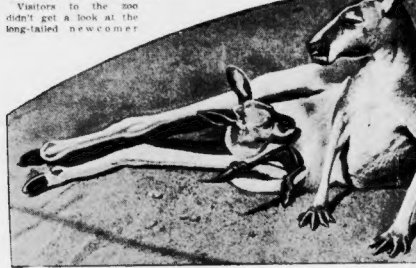
was strong enough to take much interest in the world outside its mother's handy carryall.

Mrs. Kangaroo waited until there was no one around for her baby's first trip on the ground, under its own power. She kept

close to the little one, ready to pick it up if the going seemed too hard. At the first sign of danger she covered the strapping with her hind legs and the little kangaroo scurried back into the pouch to peer out at the world from a safe position.

When it was big enough the mother taught the youngster to do its feeding on the outside of the pouch and always assumed the position shown in one of the photographs on this page to make the process comfortable. Because of the size and strength of her hind legs, she could hold that pose for half an hour without getting tired or bored with the goings-on.

The mother's affection for her young seemed to grow as the baby got larger and less dependent.



The kangaroo youngster has to take its daily naps just as human babies do, and the mother curls a little best at the same time. In this position the long-legged offspring (can't crawl) out of the pouch for a romp when it should be catching forty winks.

Tennessee's One-Man Cannon

IN these days of war and rumors of war, inventors and manufacturers are turning out rifles which are remarkable for their power in relation to their size and weight. They would not think of producing a gun like the elongated "shooting iron" shown in the photograph at the bottom of the page, and which is the prize exhibit in the arms collection in the Maryville College Museum, in Tennessee.

In the history of this one-man cannon has been accurately set down, it is a relic of the Boxer Rebellion in China, dating to the turn of the century. Just who banged away with this gun, with a barrel more than 10 feet long, isn't clearly set down, but it must have taken a strong and courageous man to place the piece to his shoulder and pull the trigger.

The gun is a muzzle-loader and, of

course, called for an unusually large amount of powder and shot. It probably was fired while resting in some sort of axel stand that held it steady and cushioned some of the recoil when it let go. No one man could carry it on a long march.

There is a story that the long gun once killed more than 100 men with a good part of the Boxer Rebellion, there is a chance that it snuffed out the lives of enough soldiers to make a long casualty list.

Just what a monster the gun is can be seen by comparing it with a normal-sized muzzle-loader of the sort that was used in this country before the development of breech-loading shot-guns and rifles.



One of the Best Close-up Photographs Ever Snapped of a Female Kangaroo Carrying Her Young in the "Pouch-belt." Which Nature Prescribed Between the Queer Creature's Long and Powerful Hind Legs.

Whole Garden in a Thimble

THE Japanese, for centuries, have been celebrated for dwarfing trees and flowers for use in miniature gardens. But with all the patience and skill required, Nature does the job better all by herself and carpets the earth with many species of flowers that are as tiny as they are delicate and beautiful. One of the smallest flowers found in this country is the familiar blue, sometimes called "mouse-ears" and in some sections of the country, "eyebright."

The finest grows in patches that spread over large areas, usually in the woods where the ground is moist. Few people unless they are wild bloomers in rock gardens ever think of transplanting the blue. But, as the photograph below shows, this common little plant has its interesting possibilities.

Several thimble plants were placed in a thimble of foam dug up with the plants. The soil was packed loosely in the thimble and the miniature flower

pot set in the sun. The plants were not at all cramped for space, nor did they run short of nourishment. Several more such plants could have been placed in the same diminutive pot and would get along very nicely, with an occasional watering.

Gardeners predict that the day will come when the thimble will be more appreciated as a cultivated flower, than it is at the moment. The plant grows just about everywhere in this country and has been found all the way from Nova Scotia and Quebec in the north to the southern states along the Gulf of Mexico. Its blossoms are about a quarter of an inch long and are light blue with white and yellow centers.

Few people bother to pick the flowers because the slender stems are so short that even an ordinary water glass is too deep for them. They have possibilities as a garden flower, however, and may some day enjoy great popularity as a colorful flower for spaces in rock-banks where low patches of coarse rock dominate.

The thimble, as about the size of the thimble, would hold in many sections of the country, but considerably smaller than that should avoid water which, by some flower fanatics, has been transplanted in miniature gardens with white and yellow "pigs."

They do all right, too, in such small quarters and are able to get along with surprisingly little earth and water. The thimble, however, seems to stand "domestication" better.

World's Most Elaborate "Doll House" Her Birthday Present

The Tall Gun in the Young Woman's Right Hand Is a One-Man Cannon Used in the Boxer Rebellion in China. It Is Now One of the Prize Exhibits in the Museum at Maryville College, in Tennessee.

MOST little girls at some time during their lives dream about having the sort of playhouse which Rosemary Kay Youngblood, of Atlanta, Georgia, was surprised with on her fourth birthday. For many weeks before it was time for her to entertain a few of her young friends at a birthday party, carpenters and masons were busy finishing one of the most elaborate "doll houses" ever put up in this country, or anywhere else.

The structure, a simple and handsome Colonial building somewhat on the order of Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, was the idea of the little girl's adoring grandparents, who picked out a beautiful spot on the lawn of their home, which also is in Atlanta, and kept Rosemary away from there while the building was being built and furnished.

Rosemary had no idea that her birthday was going to be such an "exciting" occasion for her. She expected some dolls and lots of ice cream and cake, but it never had entered her head that she would be presented with a house all her own and big enough for two or three grownups to live in comfortably.

The house seemed very big in the eyes of its delighted owner and when she walked up the path leading to the front door she couldn't believe that the place was her very own. She spent an hour walking through the newly furnished interior, sitting on the porch with its brick floor and striding about the "grounds" already planted with shrubbery and flowers.

Right away she began to plan parties for her friends who, as she put it, "could eat there and everything."

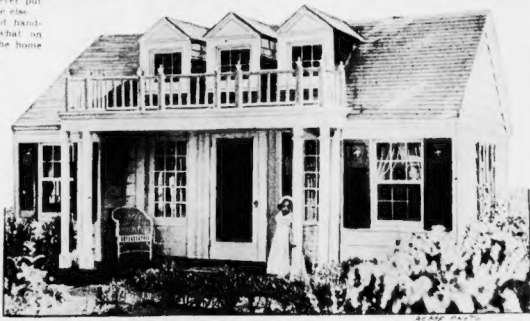
Before she had to leave her private castle to return to her own home she had an idea that she wanted to move into the neat little house and stay there all the time.

No one at the party blamed her for having such a notion, because the ambitious "doll house" is beautifully designed and so nicely built. Its walls are covered with white clapboards and the top roof, with three dormer windows over, the Spanish tiled porch is shingled. The outside is painted white and all the windows, except those beside the front door, have shutters with

three-leaved shutters cut in them. The inside is as neat as the outside and equipped with furniture just the right size for the youthful owner. Close by the house are several tall trees to supply shade during the heat of the day.

Not among the citizens of Wales presented Princess Elizabeth with her new celebrated toy house five years ago

has any little girl had such a dwelling built for her. The playhouse of the Princess, whose father and mother have since become King and Queen of the British Empire, cost something like \$10,000 and the money was raised among the people of Wales who wanted to show the royal little girl that they were fond of her.



Little Rosemary Kay Youngblood, of Atlanta, Georgia, Beside the Ornate Playhouse Her Folks gave Her for a Fourth Birthday Present. It Is Much the Same Sort of "Doll House" That the People of Wales Gave to Britain's Princess Elizabeth Several Years Ago.

An eminent architect was commissioned to design the house and he drew plans for a miniature Welsh village. His plans were carefully followed by a number of local carpenters in building the miniature house which was a box of lace and they did an excellent job from the foundation to the thatched roof.

During a visit to Wales the little Princess was presented with the "doll house" with the promise that, some day, it would be moved to her home in England.

In some ways the English girl's home may be more elaborate than the private residence of little Rosemary Youngblood, of Georgia, for it was armed for electricity and piped for hot and cold water and gas, which was connected with a tiny stove in the kitchen. The Princess was warned that she wasn't to turn on the gas nor attempt to cook any meals until she was older and had more experience with such conveniences.



The Little Rhett Is So Small That Three Plants Have Plenty of Room in an Ordinary Thimble. The tiny flowers could take many more of the Fab Blue Flowers and Still Provide Soil and Space Enough for Them to Thrive.

Wed the Same Man 3 Times

TO use a current phrase of American slang, Mrs. Mae B. Hall can take it, she married, and divorced the same man three times and now insists that she is through with husbands, anyway with Frederick R. Hall, who seemed to have a way of getting back in her good graces even after trouble that rendered them in the divorce courts.

The other day when Mrs. Hall appeared before Judge Frederick H. Chamberlain in Worcester, Massachusetts, to tell a story of desertion, she was asked by the judge, "If I grant

you this divorce, are you going to marry him again?"

"No, Your Honor, on my honor, no."

The couple got their first divorce back in 1920 and were remarried less than two years later. The second attempt was no more successful than the first and again the law cut the bond which held them together. At that time Mrs. Hall stated that she was through with her first-time spouse, but she didn't really mean it, because, in two years time, they went to the altar a third time. But now, she insists, she's had enough.

Somewhat later, when movers were preparing to shift the little house from Wales to the grounds of the Duke and Duchess of York, now the King and Queen, the building caught on fire and was badly damaged. It was completely ruined.

Rosemary knows something of this playhouse belonging to the British Princess but is sure that the house overseas can't possibly be as more attractive and comfortable than the "doll house" her grandparents supplied her with when she arrived at the important age of four.



WIDE WORLD

A Statue That Foretold Murder And Suicide

Strange Tragedy of the Circus That Began When the "Great Codona's" First Wife, Lillian Leitzel, Fell to Her Death and Ended When He Thought His Second Wife Had Caused Her to Be Too Soon Forgotten



Circus Photo of Taló Codona, Vera Bruce, Alfredo's Second Wife, Whom He Shot, and at the Left, the "Great Codona," Who Committed Suicide.



Lillian Leitzel As She Appeared in Her Act Which Later Costed Her Death.

Lovely Lillian Leitzel, Famous Aerial Gymnast and First Wife of Codona for Whom He Built the Tragic Monument.

WHEN Alfredo Codona, "King of Aerialists," ordered a peculiar 17-foot statue for the grave of Lillian Leitzel, "Queen of the Rings," his subconscious self was warning him that it would be fatal to marry Vera Bruce, the lovely young girl weeping with him beside the grave, and who for years had been one of the "Flying Codonas." But the two were not psychologists so they missed the warning, married, and the other day he killed her and committed suicide.

The tragedy had its roots in a perfect love, rare enough in any scale of life, but especially among those proud and rugged individuals who risk their lives high up under the great circus tents. Most of these stars are descended from generations of famous performers and consider themselves a sort of nobility of show business, based on a superiority which no man can deny. But their jealousy and hunger for applause go far beyond those of actors and even of grand opera prima donnas. This makes marriage extra hard when husband and wife are in the same act and rivals for that intense of applause.

Alfredo was the unquestioned King of the flying trapeze. He came out of a sort of royal family, with a father and grandfather who had been supreme in their day. But Alfredo was greater than any of them because he had achieved the impossible—the aerial triple somersault. He had not known professional jealousy because nobody pretended to be his equal.

The only person who might be compared to him in greatness was a woman, but in a slightly different line. This was Lillian Leitzel, who performed the rings, equally dangerous as proved by her death, but different as baseball from football because she did not fly through the air.

Here was the setting for the perfect thing to happen, and it did. The greatest male star and the greatest female star watched each other's performance with awe and admiration turned to true love at first sight. The "King" and the "Queen" married and toured the world, receiving the homage of everyone, including real crowned heads. As the thunder of approbation rolled up for Alfredo none was more delighted than Lillian, and a few minutes later the "King" would fold his arms with a royal smile at the noisy tribute to his "Queen."

The greatest man in his line was married to the greatest woman in hers and they loved each other. As far as he could see, life was just about as it should be.

about accidents, for they were so sure of themselves that what was impossible to others was almost easy to these two. Then one fatal day in February, 1911, in Copenhagen, a rope broke and Lillian, the sure and fearless, dropped to death.

Codona was broken-hearted, as any other man would have been to have the woman he loved snatched from him. But other emotions were mixed up in his heartbreak. There was a blind resentment that he had been conquered for the first time. Somehow the thing he prized most in the world had been taken from him and there was nobody to blame, nothing to do about it. Secretly, perhaps he wished somebody had been to blame so he could avenge her death royally and feel better about it.

Codona found some consolation in telling a sculptor what he wanted over her grave. He had seen it in a dream the first time he had been able to sleep after the accident, and it was so clear in his mind that he was able to make the sculptor see it and give him what he wanted.

The finished thing was an almost nude portrait statue of Lillian with her arms around a nude portrait statue of himself, except that he had wings while she had none. This was because in their acts he flew through the air but she did not. There was a pair of rings with the rope to one broken to tell the story of how death had ended their perfect union.

The name of the statue was "Reunion," which could only have been possible by the thing that had separated them—death.

His tears of grief were mingled with those of Vera, who was in the Codona act and, like Alfredo, swung from the trapeze bars but not as had Lillian, from the rings.

Meanwhile the snow must go on, and Codona went through his act as perfectly as before, but always there was an increasing loneliness. He would wait in the wings for Lillian to dance with him, but she never came. He would remember that she was no more. He would listen for the applause that followed her act, and then remember that it was ended forever. Habit does strange things with human minds, things all the stranger when human things are sorrow.

Vera sensed more and more to leave the loneliness, and one day he asked her to marry him. He told her frankly, so frankly that he could not love her as he had Lillian, and that the best of his love was in the ashes beneath that statue upon a lost his own, but not Vera's, would rest.

Lillian Leitzel had been an unusually good-looking woman, rather small, exquisitely formed and blonde or rather a red-head. Vera was as handsome as her like, statuesque figure and brunette coloring as Lillian. Also she was nearly as expert on the trapeze as her predecessor had been on the rings. She thought that even if Alfredo did not love her as much as he had Lillian, still there was no reason why they should not be happy.

She did not take into consideration that moment and its implications. They were married in September of 1912 and at once it became apparent that the romance had made the Flying Codonas even more popular than before. The applause for Vera as she flew through air was loud and long.

It was in fact, Alfredo began to realize, almost if not quite as enthusiastic as that which had greeted the act of Lillian. He did not like it, and as time went on he liked it even less. He did not know why he did not like it, but in some way it seemed to be retarding the dead of something. All that applause should have been for Lillian, not Vera.

Soon that suppressed fury in Alfredo's subconscious mind which had inspired his unique began to invade the conscious part of his mind more boldly and with less disguise. He, his celebratory brother, Taló, and Vera were all profound psychologists, but only in one line how to make crowds gasp and then treat their hands together. They had bread among the flood equally when the Flying Codonas were playing Madison Square Garden in New York.

Therefore nobody, not even Alfredo, realized the significance each time that Vera's performance went extra well that instead of the deserved compliment from her husband and boss, the "King" was gloomy and distraught.

And none except Alfredo knew that the symptoms of his mental conflict had reached the vision stage where at times he saw the phantom Lillian beckoning to him, that is, they did not know it until another unlucky night when the Flying Codonas were playing Madison Square Garden in New York.

The "King" was seen to muse his hat and fall sixty feet to the net. The doctor found a badly-wrenched shoulder which, with luck, might heal so that he would be as good as never. But his brother, Taló had noticed something strange and at the first opportunity times he saw the phantom Lillian beckoning to him, that is, they did not know it until another unlucky night when the Flying Codonas were playing Madison Square Garden in New York.

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You not something queer before you reached the bar. What was the matter with you?"

"I saw her hands," Lillian's words reaching toward me and I tried to grasp them," Alfredo whispered.

The "King" rested his injured shoulder and then began exercising it gently according to the advice of the best of acrobatic specialists. Slowly he worked his way up until horseback-throwing, tennis, baseball and boxing until it seemed as strong as ever. Then he began work again in the practice barn on the trapeze, only to receive the second and inflexible shock of his career.

It became apparent that though Alfredo was still a good performer he had lost that perfect coordination of eye, nerve and muscle which made the incredible triple somersault possible. When he fell from that bar grasping for the ghastly hands of Lillian Leitzel he fell from his throne and all the accolades in the world could not have put him back again. The idea of being a second-rater was unthinkable. He would be "King" or nothing.

For a while he managed the act doing his clever best to train a young cousin, Clayton Behre, to take his place, but his resentment toward Vera grew more and more unobscured. Finally came a night, as she slipped happily across the lion bark, startled by a gasp of applause as flattering as any that the great Lillian had heard when she was not but beyond the public gaze by her manager-husband.

Understandably he snarled and stamped the pious smile from the star's face.

This called for a family council presided over by Alfredo's father, Eduardo Codona, patriarch of the "Flying Codona" dynasty and the man who had trained his boy to be a "King." The venerable Eduardo saw clearly and passed a judgment in which all concurred. It was not fitting that the greatest of all aerialists should appear on the scenes of his former glory in the lowly position of a mere manager on the ground of course it upset him and he must keep away. Alfredo knew he was right and went into the garage business at Long Beach, California, where, when he had a little leisure, he could drive over and sit beside that statue.

Things went on, not well at least, without open rupture until Eduardo's recent death. Then Alfredo began to visit the Codona act whenever it came to the coast and to neglect his business. With the stars were resumed the pulling remarks.

He was a famous man and his wife was the act's star, so who would refuse him the run of the place under any circumstances? Long separations from her irritable husband had brought friendships with young and handsome performers, probably innocent, but Alfredo's accusations made trouble under the canvas. Finally the slapping was renewed and again something had to be done.

Just as once it had seemed the logical thing for Vera to marry Alfredo, now it seemed equally logical to divorce him. On June 28 of this year the California courts gave Vera Bruce Codona a preliminary decree of divorce on the ground of cruelty and extreme jealousy.

The law, had spoken, but a "King" is above the law, and this one thought it over carefully before that statue in the country. The vision in his mind now had a voice or did it come from the tomb itself?

Once more all seemed logical and clear. He had lost his crown, which could not be helped. His "Queen" was dead which could not be helped either. But a usurper had climbed into her place. Something could be done about that, something which would make that Reunion a reality. Also, what he was about to do would remove any reproach when Lillian held out her arms to him on the other side.

That was what the statue meant, and he wondered that he had not realized it long ago.

Opportunity came at a meeting in the office of Attorney James E. Pawson at Long Beach, to discuss a financial settlement. Dignified and calm as a "King" should be in his last moments, Alfredo greeted his divorced wife and her mother. After a few moments he asked his lawyer to step out while he discussed a private matter.

Mr. Pawson did so, not hearing the key turn in the lock behind him. Vera took a cigarette and courtly to the end the "King" lighted it for her, with the remark:

"Vera, this is all you have left for me to do for you."

"Whipping out a pistol, he fired three bullets into Vera's body and one into his own. He left the following note of explanation:

"I have no more wife to love me. I am going back to Leitzel, the only woman who ever loved me."

By the window of a distant room, playing the Blue Danube waltz, theme of the Codona act, they placed him beside Lillian's statue, under that monument—reunion at last.

Why Hollywood is Taking Its Stars Out of the Sun

It Cost the Film Studios \$5,000,000 to Learn That "Light Poisoning" Is Dangerous, and That the Sunburn Fad Isn't Healthful at All, but Often Fatal Because Solar Rays Actually Damage Your Body

Bette Davis, Motion Picture Star, Taking the Sun-Bath That Caused Her Second Illness. Her Collapse Spurred the Hollywood Producers' Trade to Debar the Sunburn Fad.

WHENY of taking loans estimated at over \$5,000,000 from "sun-sick" stars, some of the biggest studios at Hollywood have forbidden them to take sun-baths in those near-nude suits which are the present style. For years doctors have been saying that except in extreme moderation, sun-bathing is not good for the health and in large doses may be dangerous and even fatal but it took Hollywood to debunk the fad.

The woman who has spent the Summer acquiring a deep, brown tan that will last all Winter has not built up her health for the cold weather. Recent investigations show that, more likely, she has undermined her system, leaving it open to dangerous attacks of nose and throat troubles, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney and nerve disorders, skin cancer and probably many others.

Some months ago Dr. A. H. Hays, M.D., and Dr. G. S. Erwin, in the British Medical Journal, reported a series of serious tuberculosis cases, brought to a sanatorium in the Fall, of whom one out of every six was traced to sunburn during the previous Summer.

The immediate cause of the ailment, which has nothing to do with morals, modesty or good taste, was Bette Davis, twice knocked out by sunburn, but here was only the last straw on top of a long list of others. Jean Harlow's death is considered by many to have been due to the after effect of exposure to sun in spite of doctors' warnings.

Even more pathetic, in some ways, is the case of Evelyn Booth, young, beautiful and full of vitality, chosen to play the part of a jungle goddess in "Trader Horn." She came back from tropical Africa, her health and career ruined. In the course of long litigation, an effort was made to show that she was the victim of some obscure tropical disease. It now seems more likely that she was suffering from the deadly after effect of "sun poisoning," which this American girl had to endure from continued exposure as she was clad only in a tiny bralette and a little tunic.

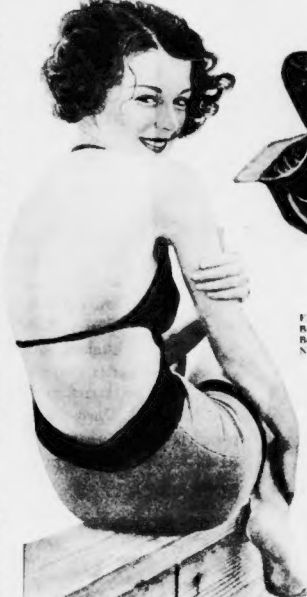
It is Hollywood and the medical authorities are right. Nature should have said so long ago and she has. Pain is Nature's sign board written in a language all the animal world can read. "This is the road to death."

Anyone who has had a severe case of sunburn knows there is plenty of this warning pain. But some people, living right under the powerful tropical sun cannot avoid receiving large doses. For these, Nature had to provide the most potent of all remedies—sun poisoning.

White people especially find it difficult to understand the sun poisoning of the Negro. He has been in the tropics for thousands of years in the forests of Northern Europe, used to such ardent rays. But if he is taken to the tropics suddenly, he is sure to get a severe sun poisoning, for there, up to him, is a maximum substitute for the Negro's armor in the form of fat.

It is not the light immediately visible to the eye that affects health but the action of ultra-violet rays. These rays cannot be seen, yet which act as powerfully on camera film and other chemicals that they are also on chemical rays. These chemical rays are a medicine, good medicine for children with rickets, and patients suffering from some other ailments. But, like most medicines, they are a poison and should be taken only in minute doses unless under a physician's advice. The rays have also been compared with food but only in such a way as salt is a food. The body needs salt but only a little is good for it. Too much causes illness.

Biologists have two theories of just how the ultra-violet rays poison the body. One theory, due to the famous London biologist and blood specialist, Sir Thomas Lewis, is that a chemical called histamine is generated from the living cells in the skin or just underneath it when these cells are killed or damaged by the solar rays. This



A Typical Modern Sun Suit Which Exposes the Skin to the Chemical Rays That Release Poisons Into the Blood by Destroying Cells.

same histamine is indicated as the poisonous material set free from ordinary burns such as those caused by flame or scalding water and responsible for death when the burns cover a large part of the injured person's body. Once the fatality of these severe burns was blamed on mere loss of skin, there being a theory that most of the skin was necessary to life. It soon was discovered, however, that this is not true but that the victims of extensive burns die from actual poisoning.

What the sun's rays can do to living cells was proved last year by a Russian biologist, Dr. Serge Tchakhotine, whose experiments were reported to the French Academy of Sciences. Working with an extremely fine pencil of ultra-violet rays, the same as those contained in sunlight, he directed these rays against the central nucleus of a chain of a living, one-celled amoeba.

The instant that the rays touched this nucleus it began to dissolve. Presently the whole amoeba died.

In and underneath the human skin are myriads of living cells, each of them remarkably like one of the individual amoeba of Dr. Tchakhotine's experiments. As the rays from the sun touch them, more and more of these living cells die, while from each dead cell there is discharged, Sir Thomas Lewis believes, a tiny droplet of the poisonous histamine, to circulate with the blood.

The body promptly gets rid of a small quantity of this poison and so a little sunburn does no harm even if one of the cells are killed and some histamine is set free. The danger is when too much histamine is generated to be handled by the body's machinery for getting rid of poisons, chiefly the



For Years Many Mothers Have Reluctant Daily Sun-Baths Were Beneficial to Their Babies, but Now It Is Known They Can Be Injurious Instead.



Diagram Showing How Invisible Sun Rays Penetrate the Outer Skin Destroying Living Cells Underneath. These in Turn Release Droplets of Histamine, a Poisonous Chemical, Into the Blood Stream Causing All Sorts of Ailments, Some of Them Fatal.

kidneys. Then the familiar symptoms of sunburn poisoning appear: headache, dizziness, cold and clammy skin, severe prostration and finally death. Even if the attack is survived and the poisonous histamine finally gets out of the system, kidneys or other organs may sometimes seriously be damaged.

The other theory is that some people have in their blood a chemical which makes them especially sensitive to light. Of at least a few people this is known to be true, the chemical being one called hematoerythrin, produced by a change in the red coloring matter of the blood. It also is true that the presence of this hematoerythrin will make anyone sensitive to sunlight. One case has been reported in which a woman broke out with a severe case of hives after even five minutes exposure of her hands or face to sunlight. Other individuals suffer from fever blisters on the lips if even a little sunlight falls on any part of the body.

Last year, Professor Guido Guerrini of the University of Bologna, in Italy, described a long list of diseases of the skin and other organs which he had traced to over-exposure to sunlight and other intense light rays. Many of the familiar ills of tropical countries previously blamed on diet, climate or germs are on Professor Guerrini's list. In Buenos Aires, in

South America, another distinguished specialist, Professor A. H. Hays, has reached the conclusion that cancer of the face and of the skin on other exposed parts of the body often is caused by light rays.

Nude, back-to-nature cultists and just plain exhibitionists who wanted an excuse for going around naked had argued so much in favor of sun-bathing that it took quite a few shocks to make the medical profession realize the hazards of sunburn.

One of the first to break into medical news on the subject was a Chicago gentleman who found a nice place in a park screened by bushes where nobody would see him if he took off his clothes and had a sun-bath. Nobody did, unfortunately, for he went to sleep there so that when he woke up he was thoroughly cooked all over. It took several days treatment to save him.

This and other cases concerned ordinary citizens of no special prominence and the general public took no notice until a few years ago. Myrna Darby succeeded in committing "sun-suicide," unintentionally of course. This was a different matter because she was a famous Hollywood beauty.

Myrna was no morbid exhibitionist, because when she displayed herself publicly it was on the stage and for high pay. She honestly believed that sun-bathing would give her extra vitality for the coming Winter season and she wanted all the "sun-medicine" she could get in the shortest possible time.

Miss Darby became ill with dizziness and the intense symptoms now recognized as indicating "sun-poisoning"

and was taken to a hospital. Instead of recovering she slowly grew weaker, dying a few months later of general collapse. The public has staggered.

In 1906, Countess Andrée, who took pleasure in being known as "the naked woman in Paris" and who was the lover of the French industrialist, died from tuberculosis of the lungs, at the age of 32 in spite of every effort of her very wealthy husband. Like most dancers she had been an unusually healthy young woman before she took up nudism.

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Medical Men Believe That the After Effects of Exposure to the Sun Brought About the Fatal Illness of Jean Harlow, Who Succumbed When Her Last Picture Was Only Half Finished.

are shielded but the heat of the sun. Nature is inclined to be economical when she can get away with it and does not give her creatures more summer than she thinks they need. The rat being a furtive creature rarely appears in broad daylight and little sunlight falls on him. Therefore, though he has far it is of poor quality as far as stopping chemical rays is concerned. This scientific discovery was made by a quite unscientific person, not in the laboratory of science but of laziness.

Dr. W. Boushager was carrying on experiments in Tangiers, Africa, which required the use of large numbers of rats but had nothing to do with light. Having finished with a cage full, he turned them over to a native servant with orders to drown them. The men had something else in mind at the moment and left the rats in the sun for an hour. When he came back the rats were all dead. After that he no longer bothered to fill a barrel with water but just sun-killed them. When Dr. Reinhardt heard of it, he experimented with healthy rats and found one hour of tropical sun is fatal to a rat.

LeRoy Stoddard in his book, "Tropical Light and the White Man," was among the first to note the fact that the white man, especially the blond type, is poisoned by the tropic sun, in spite of every precaution.

Some of the movie stars who knew of the unhealthy effects of too much sun but nevertheless indulged in sun-bathing are not to be blamed. They knew that their next picture may call for long exposures to the sun and the only way to prevent the possibility of sickness is to acquire gradually a protective tan.

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Surprising Exploits of the Ex-Rector of Stiffley



Reverend Mr. Davidson Was the Perfect, Decorous Rector Until He Was 60.



Then He Took Up "Savage" Working Girls and His Bishop Unfroked Him.



The Ex-Rector Exhibited Himself in a Barrel.



Success As a Showman Led Him to Starve Himself Publicly in a Glass Coffin.



Finally He Began Preaching From a Lion's Cage and Met His Death While the Angry Beast Mauls Him.

Led a Blameless Life Until 60, Then Made Ardent Love to Pretty Working Girls, Went Around in a Barrel, Starved in a Glass Coffin, and Finally Made the Fatal Mistake of Stepping on the Lion's Paw While Playing "Daniel in the Lions' Den"

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."
—Ascribed to Martin Luther.

LONDON. REVEREND HAROLD F. DAVIDSON, Rector of Stiffley, Norfolk, suddenly decided he had been that kind of a fool for sixty years and made up for lost time so vigorously that two years later he was unfrocked by his church, and after five years more of spectacular playboy antics was fatally clawed by a lion the other day while playing "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Mr. Davidson's life was the exact reverse of the natural order of things.

Even the wildest playboy, if he reaches the age of sixty, is usually glad to settle down and behave, but it was past that year, in the autumn of a previously blameless life, that the clergyman chose to explode in the Church of England's horrified face.

As a youth at Oxford University, where boys will be boys, most people would have forgiven him, if he had cut up a bit and shown a few wild oats. But young Davidson had shunned all such worldly ways, watching with respectful eyes the disipation of his fellow students.

It seemed logical to them that such a character should become a divinity student and in due time be elected to the deanery in the Anglican Church, become a Vicar and finally Rector of Stiffley, which is pronounced Stewkay, because for the same mysterious reason that Magdalen College, Oxford, is pronounced Magdlin.

All that time his private and public behavior was flawless. It had to be, because nothing less is tolerated in the Vicar and Rector by a little old English community. Meanwhile he married and had five children.

All this time he had plenty of woe in the form of hymns and sometimes "Rule Britannia" when the occasion called for it. Also it was correct to enjoy a few glasses of sherry or port, while dining with one of his wealthy parishioners. But as for the second item in Luther's trilogy there was not even the slightest flutter of a skirt, except that of Mrs. Davidson. When visiting the feminine side, Reverend Mr. Davidson always left the boudoir door wide open and would not enter it unless some member of the household was present as chaperon. In return for these services he drew his rectory, rectory and a living, which in his case was a salary of £200 a year.



The Reverend Mr. Davidson, Before His Puzzling Change, Preaching to His Congregation.



The Stiffley Rectory Where the Astonishing Transformation of the Rector Occurred.

A gray-haired married clergyman, without so much as a fly speck on his spotless record, no doubt Lloyd of London would have insured his continuing perfect deportment to the grave for a nominal premium. Yet, at sixty, some inconspicuous growth appeared in that orderly mind. He was overheard frequently muttering: "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

The significance of this first symptom was not recognized at once and doubtless that Satan obeyed to one of authority. Instead, the *Prince of Evil* persuaded the virtuous *Reverend* that he had been missing something and lured him to London, where soon he was spending most of his time. This seemed all right because he had served twenty-three years as Rector and now was entitled to his Vicar visit the sick, with the door open, and attend to the rest of his routine work as long as the Rector himself was on hand for Sunday services.

When his superiors asked what he was doing with all that time he told them, with seeming frankness, that he was endeavoring to save fallen women. He had been a younger man such doubts might have arisen in their minds as have been expressed in the old music hall jigs. "Then save me a night for Saturday night."

But in this case it was "Kiss to him who evil thinks." For two years the Rector followed his self-appointed, ro-

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Miss Barbara Harris, the Working Girl Who Brought the Rector into Consulatory Court With Charges of Misconduct.

From a professional stern monk who threatened to push in her face. After two years the strain of resisting the Rector became too much for her nerves and she wrote his Bishop. There had been an investigation and then the trial.

It was brought out that the first time he called on Barbara unexpectedly he found a Hindu sharing her apartment, but that the clerical caller sat down and dined pleasantly for a while, without any protests. Asked if this was not a good occasion to have preached a strong uplift sermon to them, the Rector explained that he had thought it better first to investigate the man. He had found him to be a Hindu of good character and understood he intended to marry the girl. He must have misinterpreted because the Hindu went back to India still a bachelor.

Then Davidson managed to show himself as a sort of hero, having dressed himself in his clericals and boldly called on the muscular person who had threatened to push in Barbara's face. Davidson was small, young in years, and the strong man could easily have pulled him apart with his bare hands. But when the little man informed the big man that he was Barbara's uncle and guardian, such was the strong man's respect for the "clerk" that he humbly promised never to bother the girl again.

Then he berated the lion in his den for you," announced the Rector's counsel triumphantly and the witness agreed. Little did anyone dream that five years later he would be a real lion with tragic results.

Waitresses testified in his peremptory and ardent advances and it was proved that he had frequently taken young girls to Paris for five-day visits. He denied the advances, but explained the trips across the Channel as attempts to

get them jobs as cabaret dancers. No jobs had been obtained, but were they to blame him for trying?

The prosecution showed a photograph of the Rector standing with his arm about a young and unveiled model. He explained this as a model truck played on him by a couple of photographers who had introduced the model as a fallen woman who might be saved. As such he had no objection to being photographed with her, especially as she was modestly clothed from ears to ankles in a large shawl. But just as the shutter clicked some wily person had snatched the shawl away and, alas, that was the model's only garment.

There were many hostile witnesses, but the accused denied or tried to explain everything said against him. An explanation of his being away from home so much he said, was that Mrs. Davidson had turned the rectory into a week-end boarding house and that he had sought her in the arms of the star boarder. Mrs. Davidson preferred to say she was not boarders, but "young beauties" and denied the embraces. The court found the charges against the Rector proven and sentenced him to be unfrocked as a priest of the good degree and from the priesthood.

This threw him out of the Church of England as completely as an officer out of the army when his buttons are pulled from his uniform and no sacred function across the knee. Some thought this rather harsh for a case of seduction, but the Church maintains that laymen should take duty to themselves to see that all times a high standard of conduct is maintained and that it should come compromise with those who set a bad example.

Now was the time to exhibit the virtues of humility and penitence, but the unfrocked man was angry and lost his head. Also being in the grasp of a side show, he went to a public house and drank until he was as blind as a bat. He was taken to a hospital and after a week he was home, but the first day he took in \$400. But he also picked up a fine, causing the police to make him go away with his barrel.

Next he exhibited himself in a sort of glass coffin, in which he was on a hunger strike that was in and out in death or near-death.

Again he made big money for a day and again the police interfered, restricting the Rector from his glassy tomb. Following this, Mr. Davidson announced a vacation in the United States. But the American Immigration authorities dropped a bomb that might prove as hard as the proverbial rich man to get into Heaven.

For the next five years the unfrocked clergyman went from one spectacular and playboy episode to another until the public grew weary of his antics. But the other day he achieved first page publicity again, though he had to die to do it. Opening in a new act called "Daniel in the Lions' Den," as a side show to a circus at Sturgeon, he seemed to have a big money maker. Davidson's show twice played for crowded audiences who the Barker called an authentic reproduction of Biblical History.

In one detail it seems not to have been quite authentic. Daniel, the great Hebrew prophet walked around mostly barefooted and there is nothing in the Old Testament to suggest that he was so careless as to step on a lion's paw.

During the third show, the secretary delighted at his success, tried to improve on the crowd by releasing a pet mouse, with the result that he tried with a homicidal boel on the paw of a lion. Davidson's crowd of admirers was so large that the lion was driven in the applause of the audience who thought it was all part of the act.

Now came one more queer twist of fate. Davidson had been disgraced for devotion to girls of sixteen and seventeen, and now to his rescue came sixteen-year-old Rebecca Sturges, his learning to be a lion-tamer. Dashing heroically in the lion's face he saved a new in the papers about him to the back of the den, then when men armed with pistols and chairs followed he faded.

Four days later the ex-rector's queer career ended in the hospital. With his last breath he asked if there was anything new in the papers about him. The only new thing was a little later and that was the news of his death. But the executor of Stiffley couldn't read that, of course.

BACK
TO
SCHOOL

SEND THEM OFF WELL DRESSED IN SPITE OF RISING COSTS



1 GRANTS STORES are marvelous places to shop for children's school things. Because, on almost everything, Grants have succeeded in keeping last year's low prices on this year's fine new merchandise. Savings that Grants have made in buying are passed on to you. Just look at these values—

2 Grants have little-girl DRESSES with grown-up styling. Princess lines—shirt fronts—smart trimmings—the 1937 style head-lines at 1936 prices! Practical? What do you think, Mother? All made of A.B.C., Pacific, or Pepperell percales—full cut—guaranteed to wash and wear! Sizes from 3 to 6, 7 to 12, 10½ to 16½. 1936-priced at **\$1** (Little girls' "grown-up" PURSES, too, for only 25c.)

3 Grants far-sighted having provided plenty of these rayon VESTS—BLOOMERS—cuff or ribbed cuff PANTIES—at last year's thrifty prices. Cut—no stretched—to full sizes, from 2 to 16, 1936-priced at **25¢** Girls' fine muslin or percale SLIPS—strong for practical wear—with embroidered or hemstitched ruffles to please a little girl's heart. Full sizes, 8 to 16, 1936-priced at **29¢**

4 SHIRTS and SHORTS like these usually sell for at least 25c. Grants have them 1936-priced at **19¢** SHIRTS of full-combed fine yarn. SHORTS of vat-dyed broad-cloth that won't fade—full crotch—elastic inserts—bar-tacking. Sizes 6 to 16. Knitted WAISTSUITS for little girls and boys, fulfil the Knit Underwear Association specifications in every detail. Sizes 2 to 12—1936-priced at **25¢**



5 Grants offer little girls' SWEATERS in all types. Pretty new coat styles—tip-fronts—pull-overs—all knitted in fine all-wool sepi or all-wool yarns. Grants also have boys' sturdy SWEATERS in heavy, deep rayon-backed wool with fancy fronts. Built to take it—and hold their shape. Sizes 28 to 36, 1936-priced at **\$1** (P.S.—Children's HANDKERCHIEFS, 5c.)

6 The quality of leather used in Grants sturdy children's SHOES has not been changed in spite of rising costs. Plain or wing-tipped oxfords, black (dull or patent leather) and brown. Selected leather uppers, fully lined, and sturdy serviceable soles. All built on standard health lasts over wide or medium toes. Children's sizes 8½ to 11; Misses' sizes 11½ to 2. Per pair. **\$1**

7 Wearite SHIRTS and BLOUSES are justly popular with mothers and sons alike. Another Grant 1937 value with a 1936 price! Smart vat-dyed 80-10 percale—guaranteed sunfast and tubfast. Cut full size, with lined collars like Dad's. Sizes 6 to 12, and 12½ to 14½; neckband. Deep-tone colors are 79c. All others, **69¢** (P.S.—Boys' Magador Striped TIES, only 10c.)

8 Do they wear KNICKERS in your town? Grants will have them in wool-mixed suitings, cut long to avoid knee-train—good linings and hard-wearing knitted cuffs—a real value at **\$1** Do they wear LONG PANTS where you live? Grants will have them of wool-mixed suitings, with pleated fronts and adjustable side buckles—1936-priced at **\$1.69**



9 Grants have plenty of children's fine elastic-topped Jack-o'-lantern ANKLETS. Wide range of fall colors and patterns in all sizes. A real Grant value at **15¢** Sturdy, snug Grants golf HOSE with fancy tops are also 1936-priced at **20¢**

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LOOSE-LEAF BINDERS, 10c (fillers, 5c)
FILLED PENCIL BOXES, 25c
PENCILS, 10c a dozen
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COMPOSITION BOOK, 10c
BRIEF CASE, 59c
SPECIAL SCHOOL OPENING LUNCH KIT, with vacuum bottle, \$1

"How can Grants do it?" you'll exclaim if you are still a stranger to the neighborly values on this page. "How can any store make such statements of price and quality and back up their claims?"
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S. Manchester	815 Main St.	Arlington	319 Broadway	Melrose	320 Main St.	Somerville	240 Elm St.	Franklin	334 Central St.
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		Beverly	226 Cabot St.	Millford	164 Main St.	Stonham	381 Main St.	Nashua	94 Main St.
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		Chelsea	300 Broadway	Norfolk Downs	37 Billings Road	Waltham	85 Main St.		
		Chicopee	14 Market Square	North Adams	81 Main St.	Watertown	55 Main St.	Newport	139 Thayer St.
		Clinton	120 High St.	North Attleboro	11 N. Washington St.	Webster	217 Main St.	Pawtucket	250 Main St.
		Danvers	13 Elm St.	Peabody	13 Peabody Square	Weymouth	14 Commercial St.	Providence	317 Westminster St.
		Dorchester	1468 Dorchester Ave.	Pinefield	141 North St.	Winchendon	62 Central St.	West Warwick	59 Washington St.
		East Boston	31 Kelly Square	Plymouth	4 Court St.	Winthrop	10 Somerset Ave.	Woonsocket	28-30 North Main St.
		Easthampton	41 Union St.	Reading	622 Main St.	Woburn	405 Main St.		
		Everett	419 Broadway	Roslindale	263 Union St.	Worcester	407 Main St.		
				Malden	78 Pleasant St.				
				Martboro	180 Main St.				

Ancient Athens Historic Jigsaw Puzzle Put Together

And the Old Gossip
of His Reprehensible
Affair With Venus and
His Feud With Athens'
Patron Goddess
Crops Up Again



Archeologists
Reconstructing Its
Buried Marketplace,
Find the Long Lost
Temple of the
God of War



The Head of one of the Remarkable Statues Recently Discovered in the Acropolis, Athens, Showing the Temple of the God of War



Head of one of the Remarkable Statues Recently Discovered in the Acropolis, Athens, Showing the Temple of the God of War



A Photograph of the Acropolis at Athens, the Last Piece of Which Has Now Been Found

...the most important of the ancient Greek temples, the Parthenon, which was dedicated to the goddess Athena. It was built on the Acropolis in Athens in the fifth century B.C. and is one of the most famous buildings in the world. The temple was made of marble and had a long history of being damaged and rebuilt. It was finally destroyed in 1687 by a Venetian bombardment. The ruins of the temple have been excavated and are now a major attraction for tourists. The temple was dedicated to the goddess Athena, who was the patron goddess of Athens. It was one of the most important religious centers in ancient Greece. The temple was built by the architect Ictinus and was dedicated to Athena Parthenos. It was one of the most famous buildings in the world and has been a source of inspiration for many artists and architects. The temple was made of marble and had a long history of being damaged and rebuilt. It was finally destroyed in 1687 by a Venetian bombardment. The ruins of the temple have been excavated and are now a major attraction for tourists. The temple was dedicated to the goddess Athena, who was the patron goddess of Athens. It was one of the most important religious centers in ancient Greece. The temple was built by the architect Ictinus and was dedicated to Athena Parthenos. It was one of the most famous buildings in the world and has been a source of inspiration for many artists and architects.

How I Waded Through Blood to Be



Public Flogging Was a Favorite Punishment for Trivial Offenders. Bacha Sentenced the Offenders to a Hundred Lashes from a Heavy Leather Strap On Their Bare Backs. This Photograph Shows the Prisoner Manacled by the Feet and Held by the Arms With Head Bent Forward. As the Strap Falls on the Bare Shoulders It Lifts the Skin. Photo by Dave Wynn.



Photograph of One of Bacha Saqou's Victims Lashed to the Wheels of a Cannon and About to Be Blown from the Muzzle of the Gun.

LIFE is precarious in Afghanistan, that semi-barbarous state which lies between Russia and India, but there is one spot, Kabul, the capital, where there is law and order and the refinements of civilized modern life. In Kabul lives the King (the Amir) in the royal palace and there are electric lights, telephones, automobiles and a few foreign legations. In the hills outside the capital murderous bands of brigands waylay travelers and rob the camel caravans without restraint.

It was Bacha Saqou king of the bandits, who made up his mind to make himself king of his country. In these pages Bacha tells his own story, dictated to a scholar, of how he came down from the mountains at the head of his cutthroat band of robbers and overthrew the king, Amanullah. Unmatched by any historical event in modern times, the adventures of this brigand who became a king read like chapters from the Arabian Nights.

Synopsis of Pivotal Chapters.

A boy of fourteen, young Bacha Saqou, ran away from Kalakan, the wretched village of his birth, after committing his first murder, and became a bandit in the hills. A Mullah (Holy Man) prophesied that the brigand would become a King and gave him an amulet to charm away bullets. He also declared that two months after the Mullah's death Bacha would meet his doom. His qualities of leadership made him chief of the brigands and he and his band plundered the caravans with ruthless hand. Expeditions sent against him by King Amanullah were captured or driven off and, Bacha, at the head of 2,000 bandit henchmen, set out to attack Kabul the capital.

Gathering to his standard some of the native tribes who were angry at the King's efforts to modernize the country, Bacha arrived at the gates of the capital with a considerable armed force. After some stiff fighting, the bandit chief entered Kabul and King Amanullah fled. Established in the royal palace, Bacha proclaimed himself King, took the name King Habibullah and appointed a Cabinet from his ruffian followers, only one of whom the Court Chamberlain could read or write. The treasury was empty—but the new King quickly filled it by bloodthirsty methods he had learned as a robber in the hills.

By BACHA SAQOU.

Robber Chief, Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan.

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CHAPTER V.

BEFORE five o'clock I had the amount which I had specified. There were several among those who had been before me who appeared with less than the Chief of Police had considered them able to pay. They pleaded that they had been assessed at more than they possessed, and in proof of this, they pointed to the fact that their brothers in iniquity had made good the amounts for them.

Nevertheless, I considered that a King should maintain his word. True, I had my money, but these people required a lesson. Before the whole, and without troubling to escort them below, I slashed at their thumbs.

Sher Jan chided me afterwards on my precipitancy. He was the Court Chamberlain, and was somewhat aggrieved. He had the temerity to suggest that there were places set apart for the meeting out of justice, and he eyed with implied criticism, the dark stains upon the audience chamber carpets.

I laughed. Of what moment were a few blood-stains to one who was accustomed to the hardships of the hillside?

However, I saw Sher Jan's point. I mention this incident in some detail, for there are some who have not hesitated to aver that a summons to the Royal Palace entailed farewells of one's family, and that there was no hope of returning alive. Many did return alive. It was only those who proved to be stupidly belligerent who fell of my anger.

These people never adequately realized that there are sacrifices which a people must make for the State. I had to go to extreme lengths in order to obtain a paltry sum with which to satisfy the men who had carried me to victory.

As may be imagined, with an extensive army, such an insignificant total did not suffice for long, and I had to resort to other means to procure money. The merchants, if they suffered, were in themselves to blame. They reckoned their price, so that the money which I dispersed was soon dissipated. In any event, it returned to their pockets, so they could not grumble with any de-

squandered on the upkeep of such schools as Amanullah had started. I remembered how I had hated my hours with the village Mullah and I was certain that all the school children would welcome the change of regime.

I closed the schools, and dismissed the teachers. The teachers grumbled, but had I retained them, I should have allowed them to give of their services under false pretenses. They would never receive their salaries, for there was never more than enough to appease the army, and to meet my own simple wants.

Mirza, as a Minister of Finance, was devoid of ideas. I had to depend solely upon my own initiative. I closed the libraries, the laboratories and the Royal Museum, and sold off the effects. Again the merchants displeased me, for the prices which they gave were absurd. They would give no more than a few rupees for a whole bundle of books. And, when I took action against them, they too pleaded for mercy.

The merchants! How perverse and obdurate were they.

Amanullah had printed banknotes, and they had been pleased to accept them. Now, they said, there was no money in the Treasury to back the notes, so they treated them with scorn. I could not fathom such ridiculous nonsense. What was money before, was money now. But I said I would print notes of my own. I set the printers to work, and the merchants flung the paper in the face of those who proffered it.

I had no metal from which to coin rupees, and as a temporary measure, and until silver should accrue, I issued coins of leather. They were properly marked, and bore the stamp of the Royal Mint, yet these stubborn people would have none of them. The merchants were open enemies of the Crown, and means had to be devised to bring them to heel. If these means were somewhat unpleasant, then they had only themselves to blame. They cannot say that I did not try other methods before resorting to a certain amount of force.

For wealthy merchants who would not accept my notes I had to create an impression. Upon the aerodrome I had erected a series of tall poles. I bade the blacksmiths prepare iron rings, and prepare pulleys. I had sharpened stakes sunk into the ground at the foot of the poles. I gave orders that my officers were to regard merchants who defied me as guilty of treason. They were to have one hour in which to take leave of their families, and were then escorted to the aerodrome. There a further time was allowed them for prayer. No one can say that the King was not considerate.

Then they were fastened to the rings which ran loosely with the pole, and hoisted up on the pulleys. At a signal, they were released, and remained to the pole by the iron rings, they would slide earthwards at high speed and be impaled upon the stakes.

Malik Mohan proved an adept at this work, and was apt to preen himself and to enlarge upon his dexterity. Certainly, it proved a most compelling means of raising money for the State, but the old man was prone to forget that the idea was mine. Also, he still prattled in an unseemly

gree of sincerity if they were made to disgorge it again.

Yet, I did my utmost to economize. I had no use for the arts, and I saw no reason why State money should be

manner of the times when I performed tasks for his favor and his poet (poetess).

One day I rode to the aerodrome to watch Malik at his duties. We walked up the one of groaning, retching men I gazed up at the poles and pulleys, and ruminated.

"I have a new idea for aged braggarts," I said. "We will hoist them up by their ears, and then let them slide. Old bodies impale just as well as younger ones."

Malik Mohan took the hint.

There were these experienced men who had amassed large fortunes under Amanullah, and amongst these I number those who had been his principal recruiting officers, who sought to evade paying their just contributions to the State by escaping from Kabul and seeking sanctuary in the mountains. It was necessary to employ special posers of trusted men to round down this type of ingrate. My men were very successful in seeking out these vermin. When caught, I had these gentry bastinadoed until they disclosed the whereabouts of their ill-gotten wealth. Then, that they might not further embarrass the State by their unseemly mode of living, they were either bayoneted or sabred.

For the poorer people who proved recalcitrant and would not accept the new regime I had to convert other punishments. Wherever possible, I reverted to the ancient method of dealing with criminals, and after cutting off their hands, had them hoisted aloft on poles in iron cages. Some were publicly hanged as examples and there were other rather severe punishments.

Although several attempts were made upon my life as I moved about the capital, I continued to ride wherever I chose, and frequently without a bodyguard. Several times I was shot at, but more often than not I detected the movements of the would-be assassin, and my trusty automatic rifle spoke first.

Thereafter, there came a number of attempts from the security of darkened windows. While this did not give me pause in my journeys abroad, and while it never occasioned me any disquiet, not even so much as a quickening of my pulse, I had to take cognizance of these efforts to do me harm.

It was a curious thing, this disregard of mine for what happened to my life. I was prepared at any time to defend myself with fury, but my reaction was always that of anger to think that there should be someone who imagined that he could best me at feats of arms. I was proud of my prowess with a rifle or a revolver, and I would have none sully my good name.

As for my life itself, I can truthfully state that I valued it not. Always I had in mind the speech of the Mullah in the Khyber. He had said I would be King, and King I was of Kabul and of Kohistan, and now I told my Cabinet and my principal hearstains of this. Malik Mohan had heard the story before, and this time he did



Bacha Saqou As King After He Had Discarded the Rough Dress and the Sheepskin Coat of His Native Province.



"For wealthy merchants who would not accept my notes I had to create an impression. Upon the aerodrome I had erected a series of tall poles. I bade the blacksmiths prepare iron rings and pulleys. I had sharpened stakes sunk into the foot of the poles. I gave orders that my officers guard merchants who defied me as guilty of treason. They were to have one hour in which to take leave of their families, and were then escorted to the aerodrome. There a further time was allowed them for prayer. No one can say that the King was not considerate."

"Then they were fastened to the rings which with the pole, and hoisted up on the pulleys. At a signal, they were released, and remained to the pole by the iron rings, they would slide earthwards at high speed and be impaled upon the stakes."

not deride, and shake his aged sides with laughter. He knew it to be true. And I told them of the second part of the Mullah's saying—that part where I should live as long as he, and for two moons beyond.

Each day, as I went my rounds, I would say: "Methinks I die today," and that gave them something on which to ponder. They were fully aware of what their position would be if aught should happen to their King.

Each night before retiring, I would add: "Tis curious, I did not die today!" and that gave them something for their thoughts in their sleeping moments.

It was as a result of this that I found myself surrounded by a body of picked men from my old brigand comrades of the passes. These men accompanied me everywhere, frequently to my annoyance. And, I knew why they held so fast. The members of my Cabinet, in consort with others, paid these men treble salaries to see that I came to no harm. Often I laughed in my heart when this cavalcade trooped behind me, and frequently I would put spurs to my horse and outdistance them, for none was mounted as I.

It was on these occasions that shots were sometimes rained upon me from balconies and windows.

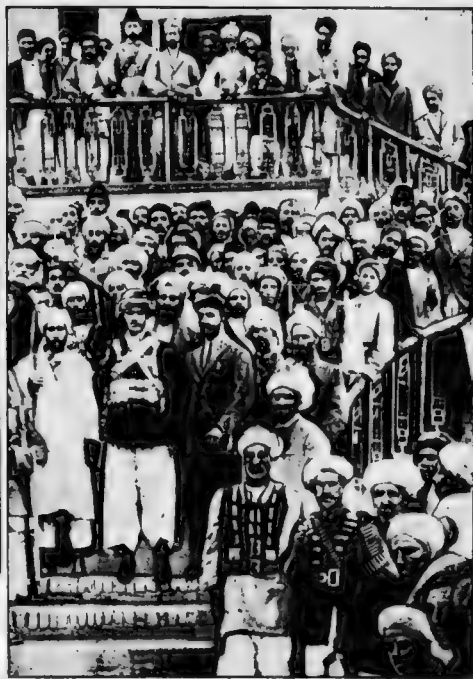
It was Malik Mohan who devised a way of his own to bring an end to these attentions. He

Become a King

Extraordinary Confessions of the Brigand Chief, Bacha Saquo, Ignorant Bandit of the Hills Who Could Neither Read Nor Write, Who Overcame King Amanullah, and Established Himself and His Barbarous Cutthroats in the Royal Palace of Afghanistan



It Pleased the New King Now, and Then to Order a Culprit Led Through the Streets by a Chain Which Was Fastened Into His Nose With a Hook. This Interesting Photograph Shows an Afghan Prisoner With the Hook and Chain While One of Bacha's Soldiers Stands Beside Him. After the Poor Wretch Had Been Paraded Through the Streets His Right Hand Would Be Chopped Off.



Guests at a Gala Dinner Given by Indian Merchants at a Palace Near Kabul in Honor of Bacha Saquo and the Emir of Bukhara.

For Some Offenses the Unfortunate Culprit Was Put in an Iron Cage and Hung Up On a Pole. Sometimes He Was Forgotten and Left to Starve to Death.

vene a court-martial and hear witnesses in order that regular dispositions might be put on record. However I was a King at war, and I could not afford to trifle with fate and play with stupid conventions. I had them shot in the common prison palace, and the bodies were thrown into a nearby ditch.

Another action of these erstwhile royal orders was Sirdar Mohammed Iskan, the principal of the Afghan League. In a manner I shall describe his taking umbrage to his situation had been and its effects told for that they would fetch. Nevertheless, I deemed it best to send him on the same journey. He was taken

They were shot

In truth, I found this business of kingship very wearying. The continual strain of devising means of raising money was within my province yet without it. I knew that as long as I could continue what were really my tactics of the caravan-riding days, I could count on gold and the allegiance which it brought in its train. But whereas the caravans continually tapped new sources of supply and were in themselves an inspiration, the ground which I now had before me could not indefinitely continue to exude money under the rack. I knew that, and was frequently troubled.

For myself I longed for the carefree days when I roamed the hills and was master of all I surveyed. Here in Kabul, I was master, but I was not carefree. Every day brought its increasing burden, and burdens for which I had no taste. I discovered that to sit in the Royal chambers and express opinions was far more enervating than the longest ride across the mountains. Sometimes I would throw up my hands in despair, for the situations which were propounded to me day by day followed me to my couch, and sleep and I were not even on nodding terms.

The sweet, untrammelled sleep of the mountains was that for which I craved, and sometimes, even when in the audience chamber, the desire for rest and quiet was strong upon me. Sometimes I would dismiss the public hearing explaining.

"Let me be. I can think no more. I will rest."

Those about me had a wonderful propensity for arguing in circles. They would approach a problem, chew it over for an hour, travel an unreasonable distance in so doing, perhaps performing gyratory evolutions on the way, and then return to the point from whence they had started. This may have been statecraft, but it was essentially irritating to one of my temperament, and excessively fatiguing.

Even the burly and brusque Malik Mohsin absorbed some of the atmosphere and became as bad as Sher Jan. And, Sher Jan was an adept in mouthing puerile phrases which trickled over his tongue like the swift-running waters of a stream. He could give to the most pointless phrases an emphasis that clothed them with an air of wisdom. He could speak for an hour on nothing at all if necessary, and when he had done, he would gaze round with the expression of one who had made a pulsating contribution to an absorbing discussion.

As I have said, even Malik Mohsin caught of this tongue-twisting, and he, too, could talk to a prisoner for hours on end without the man in the least realising whether he was being awarded a

grant from the State coffers or was being deprived of his life. Not, however, that the people paid much heed to Malik Mohsin's words. They were aware as soon as they were summoned to his presence that their hour had come.

Well, I remember one afternoon when I dismissed a case. The case, needless to say, I had resolved myself upon a settle, and covered myself with eroge. For a moment I dozed, and must have been there for an hour when a hand on my shoulder brought me back to wakefulness.

"Habbullah. Sure Your Majesty!" I glanced round the great chamber with its silken curtains, its elaborate glass chandeliers, some of them now dimmed where I had relieved my feelings from time to time by firing my automatic rifle. The Eastern architecture, covered with costly damasks, and the great spread of soft-piled carpets, and for a moment I thought it to be a dream. So deeply had I lulled after my much-awaited rest. The rug which I had thrown round me was warm but rough. In point of fact I had scratched it from the floor, and its texture against the skin of my face made me think of the hillsides and of wayside caravanserais where I had often slept and cheered in the midst of my fate.

"Your Majesty!" I sat up with a groan, and rubbed my eyes. The court barber stood at a distance ready to offer his ministrations, but he caught the look in my eye and vanished.

It was Sher Jan who was shaking me, and I could see that he had news to impart.

"Your Majesty"—for once he went straight to the point—"Amanullah has declared himself King again!"

I jumped to my feet, and cursed. With Sher Jan I was the reverse of kindly.

"You are the Court Chamberlain," I shouted, "and should know that when I sleep I am not to be disturbed for trifles!"

"Trifles?" Sher Jan was shocked into surprise. "Well," I explained testily, "you would not call it a major calamity would you?"

And, in truth, I was unable to take the news very seriously. That Amanullah would change his mind and decide not to leave Afghanistan for the moment did not in itself surprise me. The man was capable of any mental twist, and he was a profound optimist. I knew that he was still in Kandahar, and daily I was expecting news of his final departure. Yet, his decision once more to proclaim himself King was typical.

News was not long in coming for informa-

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recruited a secret police, and when a shot came my way these men got busy. Whether they invariably secured the person responsible, I cannot say. Frankly I was bored with such proceedings, and I took little interest.

However many were they who were introduced to the underground apartments of the palace, and one day, in an idle moment, I decided to investigate. Malik Mohsin was down there with the chief of police and his secret service hirelings.

They had a man in an iron chain who had already confessed to shooting at my King. I am inclined to believe that in this instance the confession was not merely something to mitigate torture, for as soon as he saw me, the man spat in my face.

I watched the subsequent proceedings with the more interest. From a boiling urn suspended in the roof, small quantities of oil were poured upon this hound's naked flesh. Each time a fresh portion of his anatomy was selected.

Manacled, and kept at a distance by a file of soldiers, were the man's relatives and neighbors. It took this man an hour to die, and then the spectators were released. It was pretty work.

Of those who conspired against me in other ways I had to mete out more summary punishment.

There was Sirdar Hayatullah and Abdul Majid Jan, two brothers of Amanullah. One would have thought the men of that family would have had enough of intrigue, but no. Certain information was brought to me, and I was not one to take chances. It was suggested by one of my court that it would be more regular were I to con-

shot, and deposited in the ditch. In point of fact these men's learning and of pseudo-learning, gave me considerable trouble. There were many students who affected to despise the rough ways of their new King. And the hills and were intemperate enough to voice their opinions. This man I was prepared to tolerate, and to discuss what they were pleased to define as "politics."

But these misguided colts had forgotten, or would not take the trouble to remember that I had dwelt in Hindustan and had there seen the way of the students. Often while in Peshawar I marvelled that a native chief as reputedly powerful as that of the British should allow students to march in procession and openly avow their disloyalty. The most amazing things I heard in the bazaars of Peshawar—of what was to happen when the British were dislodged; of the rapine and looting that would go on in the cantonments, and—more often than not there was a Secret Service agent there taking notes, so that the British could not plead ignorance of what was transpiring beneath their noses.

I would have none of that, and when the secret police discovered a student conspiracy against my royal person, I took action. One Tapik Mah was the prime mover, and another, Abdul Kasul, his able second. They were arrested, and the Chief of Police telephoned to me at the palace.

"What shall I do with these children?" he asked facetiously.

I was tired of these child-like gambols of the unbridled.

"Drag them through the bazaars by chains," I ordered. "Drag them by circuitous ways that all may see. Drag them over the stones to the aerodrome. Then, if they can still stand, shoot them. If they can't, impale them."

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